

THE LIBERATOR:
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
BY W. LLOYD GARRISON,
No. 25 CORNHILL.
Selling at 5 cents per copy, in advance.
Subscription price, \$3 per annum, payable in advance.
Advertisements, by the line, at 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each subsequent week.
The office is at No. 25 Cornhill, Boston.
Entered as second-class matter, May 18, 1845, under post office No. 100, at Boston, Mass., for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1879, authorized on July 16, 1884, and approved by the Post Office Department on July 17, 1884.
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J. BROWN YERRINGTON, Printer.



AGENTS.
MAINE.—A. Soule, Bath.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.—N. P. Rogers, Concord; W. H. Wilbur, Dover; J. T. Everett, Portland.
VERMONT.—John Bement, Woodstock; Rowland T. Robinson, North Ferrisburgh.
MASSACHUSETTS.—Moses Emery, West Newbury; C. W. Whipple, Newburyport; J. T. Everett, Princeton; W. S. Wilder, Fitchburg; J. T. Everett, Princeton; J. Church, Springfield; John Levy, Lowell; J. A. French, Fall River; Isaac Austin, Nantucket; Elias Richards, Weymouth; B. P. Rice, Worcester; Wm. C. Stone, Watertown; A. B. Bates, Centerville; Israel Perkins, Lynn; B. Freeman, Brewster; Joseph Brown, Andover; Joseph L. Noyes, Georgetown; John Clement, Townsend; George W. Benson, Northampton; Alvan Ward, Jaffarburgh.
RHODE-ISLAND.—Wm. Adams, Pawtucket; Geo. S. Gould, Warwick.
[For a continuation of this list, see the last page last column.]

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

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POETRY.

For the Liberator.

LINES ADDRESSED TO—

I am willing to sacrifice in this cause, if in any, for I owe much to it for the happiness I have derived from cherishing the holy principles it has awakened in my own soul, and a largeness of vision, though perhaps still contracted, which I have derived from "looking into" this "perfect law of liberty."

Onward, yet onward still,
Pursue thy glorious way!
That "law of liberty" will yet
Lead thee to perfect day.
And broader will that "vision" grow,
And deeper truths that light will show.
Our Father hath no where decreed
His children should be blind;
Whoever will, may break the scales
That gather 'round the mind:
And what is earthly gain or loss,
To the rich treasures of the cross?

Well, nobly, hast thou borne thy cross,
And great is thy reward—
Who toil for praise of men, or men
Have glory, with the Lord;
But thou for Truth and Good hast wrought,
And God thy truth forsaketh not.

Thou for the fettered slave hast plead,
With all a brother's heart;
Among the hosts in Freedom's war,
Well hast thou borne thy part:
Though man may fail to succor thee,
Thou wilt not all forgotten be.

Nay, He who marks the sparrow's flight,
And gives the ravens food,
Will not forget His children's wants—
He who for Truth and Good
Labors, will never fail to share,
Largely, a Father's tender care.

And nobly for a sister's rights
Hast thou a witness borne;
Though titled heads looked down on thee,
And proud hearts laughed in scorn.
Friend, brother, from my heart's deep cells
A gush of grateful feeling swells.

I marked thy spirit in the strife—
I saw th' "indignant flame"
Beam from thine eye, when shame and sneers
Were cast at woman's name;
But yet in gentleness and love
Didst thou the scorner's pride reprove.

May'st thou thus heavenly virtue pursue
With high, unchanging trust
In Him whose spirit telleth thee,
To lift up from the dust
The chained, the timid, and the weak,
And bids thee for the suffering speak.

Seek "first the righteousness of God,"
And thus the promise hast,
That all the needed things of earth
Will in thy cup be cast;
And they, who make earth bright to thee,
Safe, "neath his love, will shelter be."

May thy strong courage never fail—
But, as thy faith increase,
May'st thou within thy soul enjoy
A pure, unchanging peace—
And brighter yet may beam thy way,
Till lost in an unending day.

Bath, Maine.

H. W. H.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

MAY.

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

The sweet, voluptuous May
Is here at length—through all its sunny hours,
Over the grateful earth to sprinkle flowers
In beautiful array;
And clothe with deeper verdure hill and plain,
And give the woods their glory back again.

No bird whose swelling throat
Quivers with song, or whose extended wing
Fans the soft air, but cheerier doth sing;
And on the breezes float
Odors from blossoms which the sun's caress
Hath woke to life in field and wilderness.

The shimmering sunlight falls
On mountain and valley with a softer sheen—
And, lo! the orchards, newly clothed in green,
Lift up their coronals
Of flowers bright-lit, or, shaken by the breeze,
Rain fragrant blossoms from a thousand trees.

The green and tender maize
Pierces the moistened mould, and from the air,
And from the sunshine, gathers strength to dare
The sultry summer days—
With care the farmer tends the fragile shoot,
And, hopeful, trusts the future for his fruit.

'Tis underneath the sky,
Where the free winds may test their sunny curls,
Frolic the happy children—boys and girls—
In endless revelry;
While nature smiles, approving, on their play,
And lambs and birds with them keep holiday!

All gentle things rejoice
In the calm loveliness around them spread,
Green earth beneath—the blue sky overhead—
And with exultant voice
Pour their thanksgiving to the Lord of all,
Who marks an empire's or a sparrow's fall.

Then welcome, bonny May!
With thy soft sunshine and thy fragrant flowers,
Thy balmy breezes and thy laughing hours—
The glad year's holiday!
With grateful hearts thy presence will we bless,
And in thy gifts rejoice with thankfulness!

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, my dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like a winged wind,
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left the mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both,
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks, we half forget—
All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look where your children start,
Like sudden spring—
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and thine!

THE REIGN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Behold th' expected time draws near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appears—
Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.
From eastern to the western skies,
Sweet incense to our God shall rise;
And Tyre and Egypt, Greek and Jew,
By Sovereign grace be form'd anew.

CHRISTIAN REFORM.

A Voluntary Political Government.

SIR:

Cleansed, purified, refined—polished to the highest degree, this democratic form of government which we have set up; still, that it is final, no one can imagine. Misfortunes at least, if not crimes, it has, as well as merits. Yes, republicanism is not without a parallel to monarchy in that particular of being not wholly virtuous. Practically, doubtless, democracy representative, which differs little from monarchy representative, is a much better working machine than monarchy absolute. But, few countries now lie in this degraded plight, if ever they did; for it is difficult to conceive of the absolute rule of one mind, uninfluenced by an action from without. The real apprehension lies against aristocracy. This is the monster of longest life and most alarming nature. He takes all shapes, and finds a home in all places. When driven from one den, he flies to another. No longer duke, or count, or baron, he can become merchant, banker, banker. When castle or chateau no more can enshrine him, a back parlor or a counting-house will serve. When his patronage of chivalry and art is exposed as the cover of self-aggrandizement, straightway he is transformed to a patron of science and manufacture. As the baronial hall crumbles to dust, the huge grim factory rises to a greater height. And who shall say which is the weightier curse? The feudalism of chivalry had its glitter and show, animal freedom, and valourous death. Factory feudalism boasts its glitter and profits, its intellectual eminence and national benefit. Both alike succeed in subjugating the people, who in some degree always suffer, and in the best of positions are yet in danger.

It is interesting, to say the least of it, to trace the workings of the representative system of government in one particular, namely, its success in doing those things which absolute monarchy durst not venture upon, from fear of offending the people. Those tamings of the currency, the loans, and the stock-jobbing, which royal Louis and his ministers found too hazardous a venture, reformed parliaments have since done over and over again at their ease, and democratic legislatures are now beginning to do. It is the symptom of a wise people not to be deceived by forms and names. Every one can now see the disgrace, the baseness, the folly of spilling his blood, and that of his fellow-creatures, in a battle which may decide whether this man shall marry that woman, a little more territory be added to that man's rule, or a few more people be of this man's religious opinions.

But we do not all yet recognise the wickedness, the inhumanity, of sacrificing both the animal and the mental powers of men and women, in the pursuit of ends as foreign to their human destiny, as the objects of national war. The poor plebeian soldier, when he survives the general slaughter, and escaped with his maimed body, had little more than scars to show for his share of the profits; the advantage, if any, was all secured by the monarchs or aristocrats, who thus gambled with men as their cards. So is it with our poor factory operatives: they toil, they have their limbs deformed or mutilated; mind and body, though by a slower process, are despoiled and degraded; and they have little to produce for their share of the advantages, which still belong to the aristocrats—aristocrats, moreover, of wealth, not of family or title; and aristocrats of wealth are universally admitted to be the most tyrannous. A man who has worked his way up from poverty to riches, against a contending world, fancies it is in the power of every one else to do the same; not knowing that the processes which to him were agreeable enough, are utterly repugnant to conscientious souls. It is not a new idea to assert the disqualifying power of riches for a superior state of existence. This, then, is a most fatal circumstance, operating against our present democratic institutions. We have succeeded in shutting out that obvious, glaring delusion of the worship of a titled family as the representation of the divine power on earth; but, in its place, we have an unindividualized, unnamed, joint stock tyrant, who is personally secure from attack, and sheltered from danger, and still more continuous and potent than the aristocrat of blood.

It is against this undying power, that the individual man has now to strive. On the two arms of the social lever these two forces are placed, and, of course, the chances for keeping the balance even are very small. On one side stands this grand representative combination of organized thought, feeling, prejudice; and on the other, the interior energy in the one person. The great mass, potent in its antiquity, in its stagnation, in its prepossession, against the individual, having only freshness of thought and hopeful aspiration to sustain him. It seems, after all, to be scarcely possible to invent a system more fatal to human growth than this of representative government. There is possibly in it the means of preventing the great mass of the population from falling below a certain average of wealth, intelligence or morals. I say possibly, for it is by no means yet certain that we are saved from excessive poverty, ignorance, or crime. But that there is a sort of cast-iron pattern-work in it, by which the individual character is very much confined in the upward moral tendencies, is quite manifest. The quality of sameness in the North American republic is observable by the most superficial. Social, moral, temperamental identity is more remarkable than that of language. In no other part of the world, perhaps, is so much space occupied by so many people, with so great similarity in nature. For, after taking into account all the varieties in religion, in politics, in occupation, this remark still remains. These varieties are but nodal, and the substratum continues unchanged.

At this fact, one cannot marvel. It was rational enough for a people, who had emerged by combined exertions from a state of provoking and galling thralldom, to make an effort to render permanent the forms of that successful combination. It is a sort of gratitude to means, rather than to principle, which induces men to sanctify mere institutions. But the time has arrived for a fresh appeal to principle; yet not more now than ever, for a recurrence to principle is proper at all times. Until men have better plans placed clearly before them, they are bound by a law in their nature to hold fast to such as they have. This representative plan was the people's choice; no better one is yet apparent to them; and if any uncomfortable results now fall upon them, they attribute these to the imperfect working of the machinery, and not to the unsuitability of the machine as a whole. Under these circumstances, their hope rests in the bettering of the system, in some further polishing, or improvement as it is called. But we must require the public to exercise a keener and a broader sight. The vision must not be bounded by the objects lying closely about us, but must be extended to new scenes. The sight must become an insight. I have just had the pleasure of communing with an English friend, who passed the greater part of last year in Appenzel, Switzerland. This canton is not a republic, but a pure democracy. The government is not representative, but all the males above 18 years of age, and the greater part do, actually vote on all questions brought before the assembled canton, of which the population amounts to 40,000 persons. They choose their Landmann, Counsellors, and other officers, whom they pay by small salaries of about 100 dollars each, and in this manner for 400 years they have found it practicable to pass permanent and temporary laws, and to carry on all useful functions of government. At the death of a proprietor, his property is divided equally amongst the children, whether he make a will or not. Even in this defective self-government, in comparatively great ignorance they have managed to be tolerably happy for ages, and what may be strange of all facts to republicans eyes, they have neither poor-house nor prison in this extensive population of 40,000 souls.

Such facts as these, withheld from popular observation, equally by aristocratic conservatism and a republican radicalism, serve at least to show how far the principle of self-government can be carried, without our having resort to delegation or representation, or being men by deputy. Of course, however, this does not carry us the whole length of relief from the forceful government. And, moreover, except for the few hours the canton is actually assembled, the people are obliged to act by delegation through a constantly existing executive, to which, also, the best contrived republic is obliged to resort. This again, therefore, is only a half way contrivance, and is far behind that instant and ever present government, which we should enjoy were the supremacy of the family, the true authority of man, to be duly acknowledged. It affords demonstration that North American townships or counties, to the extent of 40,000 persons, might carry on with wisdom, steadiness, economy and vigor, all, and more than all, the purposes for which the town or county now is or ever need be convened. Such a system would relieve us from a representative legislature, and only leave us a representative executive. And from the salaries paid in this instance, there is ample reason to believe that this executive is almost a nominal one, and that every man is nearly as much a daily administrator of the law as an annual maker of it. Lightly must it sit upon their shoulders as a national burden, if such are the salaries. Small must be its brute power, if there are no prisons. Moderate must it be in family intrusion, when it leaves education unfettered. In fact, the government is identical with the people, and therefore there can be for them no objection to it.

As fast as individuals in this district arrive at an intuition of real human worth and dignity, they of course cease to participate in this humble and modest mockery of humanity, as men do in the more costly and ostentatious mockeries in this land. We have here a partial answer to the question, How would a voluntary government be practicable? We see here how easy it is to accomplish all that even is now deemed necessary for the people to do congregatively. And when from that quantity of business, we deduct whatever is not absolutely required to be done collectively, but may be done at home, we begin to see with what facility this cumbersome State machinery might be dispensed with.

Why is it that we prolong its crime-breeding existence? Have we no faith in man? no faith in goodness in man? Is there no other or no better principle in the human soul, than that of dark and brutal fear, which can alone be tamed, not subdued, by dark and brutal force? Force! force in all things. No freedom. No spontaneity. Always, you must! Never, you may. The wild red man, the wilder Hottentot, could not maintain a system more subversive of humanity. Could we for a moment delude ourselves into the supposition, that the present forceful system of government accomplishes all that it assumes to accomplish, still, on such terms it would scarcely be worth acceptance. To protect humanity at the price of humanity is poor commerce. To secure serenity enough for love to speak a word, by the suppression of all love as a process, profits us little indeed. This is no exaggeration of the facts. Not those alone who are called wicked, but those who are admitted to be only unfortunate, are treated harshly. Society treats lunatics very little better than it does criminals, though there is now arising a sensibility of this error. We may even see it declared in the common newspapers, that the cash expenditure for the prosecution and punishment of criminals is so great, that the end scarcely counterbalances the means, and that cheaper modes of regulating humanity could easily be devised. This regards the money only. But when we bring into the account the wear and tear of the superior human feelings, civilization must be declared bankrupt.

In the most serious and true sense, I think that the present mode of civilization is bankrupt. Really it breaks down. It does not, cannot fulfill its engagements. It cannot meet its creditors' claims; nor will it ever. It has been tried and trusted long enough, and in all decency should now give up business. Are we so barren of invention, so unfertile of thought, so bound to imitation, that, winning daily as we do, we cannot project and act out a better scheme than we now suffer under? Certainly, we are ever making the attempt; but not in a direction in which success can be hoped. New results cannot be attained, without new modes or new causes. The results we want are not only new, but in many respects the very opposite of those which now prevail. It is not likely, therefore, that we shall reach such apocryphal place, by travelling the old road, although that road may be mended, and drained, and smoothed to the utmost practicable extent. Our present road, our present principle, is that of force. Force in every mode of life. People are forced to support the government, in the first instance, and where it is thus sustained by force, it exercises all its functions by force. Love is never put into it. Cunning, as much as you like. Intrigue, flattery, overreaching, from one end to the other; from the capture of a poor thief by the constable, to the election of President; through all the gradations of trade, art, and profession, as much with sharpness and physical force as you will, but no kindness, no neighborly consideration, no love at all is needed.

I can hardly be required here, to enter into any statement, to show how contrary all the processes of political government are to those divine principles, which, as a Christian community, it is obvious we are acquainted with. Reflections of this kind are too readily suggested in every one's bosom, to render any verbal appeal requisite. I would, however, venture to put a question as to a point of time. I would ask, when we are to set about realizing these sentiments, which for so many centuries we have been verbally uttering? Since the Church has thrown off its unworthy connexion with the State, man have been no less assiduously praying, in words, that "God's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven;" and the most orthodox do continually declare, in various ways, that a more holy state of existence "upon earth" is to be realized. Yet, with a mental belief of this kind, and an espousal of doctrines to this effect, no one actually sets about the work which he declares is so close to his heart. Nay, so curious are the facts, so possible is it for the mind to attempt the reconciliation of irreconcilable things, that our representative legislators begin their daily work with a form of Christian prayer. Then see what kind of work immediately succeeds this prayer; look at the states of mind of office bearers, scan the ill-tempered words which grow up in debate, hear the unfriendly words and unkind insinuations which are constantly interwoven in the proceedings, and let us say, whether this is a way in which there is any rational probability that human beings can be aided in their upward progress.

There cannot be two opinions on this point. It behooves us, therefore, as Christians, as philanthropists, as even as selfish beings of any sound disinterestedness, to turn our backs upon this forceful and representative system. It is destructive of manhood, of individual largeness and integrity, of love and neighborly feeling. Men cannot expand to their full size of intellectual or moral being, so long as it continues. One person, now and then, shines out a brilliant monstrosity, while the greater number must necessarily shrink into fractions of men, at whose expense the man of renown is manufactured—a renown, too, as ephemeral as is worthless. How many individuals have dissipated all their energies, have worn away their very being, by coming in contact with this merciless millstone of politics! With how many promiscuous young men is this now the case! For a season, perhaps, it is the misfortune of every one to fall into this delusion of imagining that human good is to be served by political means. How delusive it is, I trust many are now beginning to see. A system, based on force and skill, cannot accomplish any really moral purpose. Moral ends can only be attained by moral means. Brute force is not moral. Cunning is not morality. Wit, indeed, may be used under the guidance of the moral sense, but never can morals descend to brute physical force; without this force, the fabric of modern government falls at once to the ground.

There was a period, scarcely yet gone by, when pedantic schoolmasters asserted that to keep children in order without flogging was impossible. Yet we see this once visionary idea brought out to daily practice. "Men are but children of a larger growth," and are as easily to be kept in order by kindness as by force. "Nay, easier; for force never secures order; it merely suppresses the appearance of disorder. It covers the sores of society, but heals them not."

Yours in the better government,

C. L.

Concord, Mass. May 17, 1843.

State of Things in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April, 1843.

MY BROTHER:

Although you are personally unknown to me, yet my spirit has for years communed with your spirit, as I have from week to week perused your invaluable paper, freighted as it has been with humanity. I have long desired to see your face in the flesh, but as probably this privilege will never be granted me, I have concluded to send you this salutation, thinking that coming from these sectarian, pro-slavery, man killing ends of the earth, it may somewhat encourage you in your warfare against these giant evils that afflict and curse our earth.

I have been partly induced to write you that I might unburden my mind to one who knows how to sympathize with those situated as I am. The population of this city is over three thousand, and there are nine organized churches, calling themselves Christian, who have each their spiritual guides, besides a number of clergymen engaged in other pursuits; but of the whole number, there is but one that has the moral courage to preach to their congregation against the horrible sin of oppression, and that one the minister of the colored church. Of all the white clergymen in this city, there is but one that calls himself an abolitionist, and he disclaims being a Garrison abolitionist. You know what that declaration means. There are, as you would naturally conclude from the above statements, but a very few abolitionists in the city, and I am, on account of my ultras, as they are pleased to call them, regarded as you are by the new organized third party abolitionists of the country, a crazy infidel. If, however, the principles you advocate be infidelity, the term infidel will soon stand for a friend of God and man.

This is a bitter pro-slavery, revengeful community; a majority are from slaveholding States, who have, as they profess, left to get rid of the evils of slavery; many of whom, before leaving, sold their human chattels, or hired them out to others, and are now living or speculating upon the money they received for the bodies and souls of their brethren, for whom Christ poured out his own precious blood on the cross. The rest are mostly adventurers from different parts of the globe, who have no humanity in their hearts, at least for the poor slave. What I have stated in reference to this community is true with regard to the entire middle and southern portions of this State. The northern part is much better; there are more abolitionists, though political partyism is doing its worst destruction there. The greatest proportion of abolitionists in this State are in favor of political action; yet there are a few who rely upon moral means for the overthrow of slavery. I am contributing what little of influence an individual unaccustomed to writing or public speaking has, in the moral warfare that is waging against all oppression; not only that of the bodies, but of the souls of my fellow-men, which has not unfrequently endangered my personal safety. I have very frequently the high satisfaction of helping along the fugitive from the "patriarchal institution."

I have seen some from as far south as Louisiana. This service is attended with great hazard, as our State laws are very severe against those who obey God in this particular. I was for twenty years a member of the Presbyterian church, but about two years since, I withdrew from that connection, on account of its anti-Christian character; and what is true of that, is true of all the organized sects of this slavery-accursed country. I mean not only negro slavery, but governmental and ecclesiastical slavery.

I rejoiced greatly when you and your coadjutors raised the standard of Non-Resistance. It was the first intimation that I had of there being others who believed with myself on that subject. I regret much the suspension of the Non-Resistant, and that your paper has not as frequently now as formerly a department for that despised, but Christ-like doctrine. I am fully satisfied that slavery in some form will continue to exist, until that first principle of the religion of Christ is embraced and lived out in our world. And now, my brother, permit me to say, that you are not altogether consistent with your principles on this subject. If I have understood you, you hold that nations have no more right than individuals to employ physical force in overcoming evil, and that every individual who casts a vote, directly sanctions slavery and war, and that you abstain from voting, from the conviction that it is morally wrong. Now, how can you direct others in what manner they should do that which you cannot do yourself, which you do when you say to voting abolitionists, Vote for freedom? To me it appears like saying to the man of war, War is wrong—you ought not to fight, but if you will fight, fight for freedom. Again, I see no inconsistency in petitioning Legislatures for the repeal of laws; but I do see great inconsistency in non-resistance asking for the enactment of any law, even though the object sought to be attained be ever so desirable or right in itself. God has settled the question in reference to doing evil that good may come. It appears to me that we need not be afraid of the consequences of carrying out, to their fullest extent, our non-resistant principles. True, we may be charged by third party abolitionists with "losing the staff of accomplishment;" and the army who are fighting for human freedom and for God may be reduced to as small a number as was Gideon's; yet it will assuredly be accomplished by the heaven-ordained means of truth and love. In conclusion, were I to give you a full narrative of my sentiments, feelings and purposes, I could do it in no way so well as by transcribing the letter of Joseph Barker of England.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours for universal human freedom,

L. N. RANSOM.

MISCELLANY.

From an English paper.

Horrors of Transportation.

At the Liverpool assizes on Tuesday last, one George Robinson, alias Saxon, pleaded guilty to the charge of having illegally returned from transportation, and when brought up for sentence, entered into a long and singular statement, which was listened to by a crowded court with great attention. From this it appeared, that in 1820, being then but 18 years of age, he had been convicted of a highway robbery at Pendleton. He received sentence of death, but was finally transported for life. He had, however, an irresistible desire to return to his native land, and some time after his arrival at Sydney, made an attempt to escape by swimming off to a brig lying in the roads, and succeeded in concealing himself below until she was at sea. She was driven back, however, by stress of weather, he was given up to the authorities, received one hundred lashes, and was sent to a penal settlement, first at Macquarie, and afterwards at Macquarie-harbour. For 12 months at a time he never had the iron on his legs. He described his situation as intolerable, without any communication with his friends, shut out from the world, and with hardly a hope for the future. He determined again to make an attempt to escape. He left the colony with several others. Three days after, they were attacked by the natives; several of them were wounded, and all their clothes and provisions carried off. To go forward in this condition was almost hopeless,—to go back was to suffer again a punishment of 100 lashes, and to be condemned to work in the gang reserved for the lost themselves in the Blue Mountains, and wander-

ed about naked 60 days, living on what they could pick up in the bush, or along the shore, to which they were finally conducted by any party of natives. They were then near the site of Port Phillip. Here they fell in with another tribe, by whom they were taken and given up to the authorities. They were conveyed to Coal River, naked as they were. They there were allowed a blanket to cover them, but even this they were obliged to leave behind when they were shipped on board a government vessel which was taking in coals to Sydney; and, but for some canvas which they were allowed to have to cover them, they would have had to lie naked on the coals in the hold. They were landed in this plight at Sydney, where they were supplied with some clothing, but one of his companions, for six months, had nothing but a pair of trousers. They were sentenced to receive 100 lashes, and to be sent back to Macquarie-harbour. Their wretched state was such, however, that the first part of the sentence was not inflicted, the medical man having made a representation that presented it. He remanded at Macquarie-harbour some time, when he again, with some others, got away in a whale-boat, and ran along the coast for nine days, having made a sail by fastening together the shirts of the party. They were obliged, by want of provisions, to put into Hobart-town, and were again sent back to Macquarie-harbour, and placed on Big Island—the woe of the wretched prisoners who described the horrors of this place as being more than language could paint. Several, he said, had committed murder, that they might be removed to Sydney for trial, though certain that after this short respite, death would be the punishment of their crime. 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